

### New Terms.

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# THE BANNER.

[WEEKLY.]

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From the South-Western Mechanic.  
A RELIC OF '76.

There was recently discovered among the papers of the late Major Shæffner, an ardent patriot of the Revolution, the following interesting document. It is a discourse delivered by the Rev. Jacob Trout, on the evening before the battle of Brandywine i. e. on the 11th of September, 1777. It was pronounced before the main body of the American army, in presence of Gen. Wayne, and other distinguished officers of the army.

### REVOLUTIONARY SERMON.

"They that take the sword, shall perish by the sword."

*Soldiers and countrymen:—*

We have met this evening perhaps for the last time. We have shared the toil of the march, the peril of the fight, and the dismay of the retreat alike; we have endured the cold and hunger, the contumely of internal foe, and the courage of the foreign oppressor. We have sat night after night, beside the camp fire; we have together heard the roll of the reveille, which called us to duty, or the beat of tattoo, which gave the signal for hardy sleep of the soldier, with the earth for his bed and knap sack for his pillow.

And now soldiers and brethren, we rally on the eve of battle while the sunlight is dying away, beyond yonder heights, and the sunlight that to-morrow morn will glimmer on scenes of blood. We have met amid the white-tented tents of our encampment; in time of terror and gloom have we gathered together—God grant it may not be for the last time.

It is a solemn moment. Brethren does not the solemn voice of nature seem to echo the sympathies of the hour? The flag of our country droops heavily from yonder staff—the breeze has died away along the green plain of Chadd's Ford—the plain that spreads before us glittering in sunlight—the heights of the Brandywine are gloomy and grand beyond the waters of yonder stream—all nature holds a pause of solemn silence, on the eve of uproar and bloodshed to-morrow.

"They that take the sword, shall perish by the sword."

And have they not taken up the sword?

Let the desolated plain, the blood-drenched valleys, the burned farm-house blackening in the sun, the sacked village, and the ravaged town, answer—let the whitening bones of the butchered farmer strewn along the fields of his homestead, answer—let the starving mother, with her babe clinging to the withered breast that can afford no sustenance, let her answer with the death-rattle mingling with the murmuring tones that marked the last struggle of her life: let the dying mother and her babe answer.

It was but a day past and our land slept in the quiet peace. War was not here. Fraud and woe, and misery and want, dwelt not among us. From the eternal solitude of the greenwoods, arose the smoke of the settler's cabin, golden fields of corn looked forth amid the waste of the wilderness, and glad music of human voices awoke the silence of the forest.

Now, God, of mercy, behold the change!

Under the shadow of a pretext, under the sanctity of the name of God, invoking the Redeemer to their aid, do those foreign hirelings slay our people! They throng our towns—they darken our plains, and now they encompass our posts on the lonely plain of Chadd's Ford.

"They that take the sword, shall perish by the sword."

Brethren think me not unworthy of belief when I tell you that the doom of the British is near. Think me not vain when I tell you that beyond the cloud that now enshrouds us, I see gathering thick and fast, the darker the blackest storm of divine retribution!

The may conquer us to-morrow. Might and wrong may prevail, and we may be driven from this field but the honor of God's own vengeance will come!

Ay, if in the vast solitude of eternal space, if in the heart of the boundless universe, there throbs the being of an awful God, quick to avenge and sure to punish guilt, then will the man George Brunswick, called King, feel in his

brain and heart, the vengeance of the eternal Jehovah! A blight will be upon his life—a withered brain of accursed intellect; a blight will be upon his children and on his people. Great God how dread the punishment!

A crowded populace, peopling the dense towns where the man of money thrives while the laborer starves; want striding among them in all its forms of terror; an ignorant and God-defying priesthood chuckling over the miseries of millions; a proud and merciless nobility adding wrong to wrong, and heaping insult upon robbery and fraud; royalty corrupt to the very heart, and aristocracy rotten to the very core; crime and want linked hand in hand, and tempting men to deeds of woe and death—these are a part of doom and retribution that is to come upon the English people.

Soldiers—I look around upon your familiar faces with a strange interest! To-morrow morning we will go forth to the battle—for need I tell you that your unworthy minister will march forth to battle! Need I exhort you to fight the good fight, to fight for your wives and children?

My friends, I might urge you to fight by the galling memories of the British wrongs. Walton—I might tell you of your father butchered on the plains of Trenton; I might picture his grey hairs dabbled in blood; I might ring his death shriek in your ears. Shelnire—I might tell you of a butchered mother, and a sister outraged; the lonely farmhouse, the night assault, the roof in flames, the shouts of the troopers as they despatched their victims, the cries for mercy and the pleadings of innocence for pity, I might paint this all again, in the vivid colors of the terrible reality, if I thought your courage needed such wild excitement.

But I know you are strong in the might of the Lord. You will march forth to battle on the morrow with light hearts and determined spirit, though the solemn—the duty of avenging the dead—may rest heavy on your souls.

And in the hour of battle, when all around is darkness, lit by the lurid cannon glare, and the piercing musket flash, when the wounded strew the ground, and the dead litter your path, then remember soldiers, that God is with you. The eternal God fights for you—he rides on the battle cloud, he sweeps onward with the march of the hurricane charge—God the awful and infinite fights for you, and you will triumph.

"They that take the sword, shall perish by the sword."

You have taken the sword, but not in the spirit of wrong or revenge. You have taken the sword for your homes, for your wives, for your little ones. You have taken the sword for truth and justice and right, and to you the promise is—be of good cheer for your foes have taken the sword in defiance to all that men hold dear, in blasphemy of God—they shall perish by the sword.

And brethren and soldiers, I bid you all farewell. Many of us may fall in the battle of to-morrow. God rest the souls of the fallen—many of us may live to tell the story of the fight to-morrow, and in the memory of all will ever rest and linger the quiet scene of this autumnal night.

Solemn twilight advances over the valley; the woods on the opposite heights fling their long shadows over the green of the meadows; around us are the tents of the continental host, the suppressed bustle of the camp, the hurried tramp of the soldiers to and fro among the tents, the stillness and awe that marks the eve of battle.

When we meet again may the shadow of twilight be flung over a peaceful land—God in heaven grant it.

Moral principle is the citadel of the heart. All education, therefore, which is conducted irrespective of this, is but the erection of out-works to besiege the strongholds of virtue.

The expenses of the Empress of Russia, during her sojourn in Italy, are estimated at £40,000 per month.

Gen. Gaines, it is said, is about sixty-nine years of age; Gen Scott about sixty-four, and Gen. Taylor fifty-six.

From the Baltimore Sun.

Five Days Later from Europe.

ARRIVAL OF THE

### STEAMSHIP CALEDONIA.

The steamship Caledonia, Capt. E. G. Lott, arrived at Boston on the 18th instant.

The cotton market has been reduced again to a state of comparative quietude.

Prince Louis Napoleon has arrived in England incog., and is about to leave for Florence, there to join his invalid father.

It would appear from what O'Connell stated on Monday, that Sir Robert Peel is determined to press forward the Irish Coercion Bill when Parliament re-assembled, after the Whitsuntide holidays.

The Oregon question has now ceased to give any uneasiness.

England has offered her mediation between the United States and Mexico. Mr. Pakenham has received instructions to that effect from the British Government by the Caledonia.

The second reading of the Irish Coercion bill is take place on Monday next.

Respecting the fate of the Ministry the impression is, that Sir Robert Peel is far in advance of his colleagues, and that he is anxious to apply to sugar the free trade principles which he has extended to corn.

The annual statement of the Exchequer is given, comparing the income with expenditure for current year—anticipated surplus of two millions two hundred pounds. But the increased expenditure in Navy and Ordnance departments this year, only left a surplus of seven hundred seventy-six thousand of which seven hundred thousand was received from China.

The Paris paper La Presse, of Monday, reached our office last night, which announces that orders had been sent by the Minister of Marine to Brest, and the other military harbors, to despatch a number of ships to the Gulf of Mexico, to reinforce the squadron stationed there, in consequence of the war between the United States and Mexico.

The Overland mail of May 1st reached London yesterday. It possesses no political, and little commercial interest. The seeds of another contest in the Sikh country were sown at the termination of the late war.

Portugal has been the scene of another attempt at revolution, consequent upon a change of the ministry. It appears that for the Portuguese it would have been a more than ordinary energetic affair.

FREIGHTS AT LIVERPOOL.—The warlike tidings per Cumbria, have tended to check shipments in some degree, and a few houses having determined not to ship in American bottoms, has caused some little enquiry for British vessels.

There is not, however, a single American ship in the port, unfreighted. The amount of freight going forward is still limited. In the absence of much demand for passengers, ship business must be considered dull, notwithstanding the unusual scarcity of tonnage.

### OREGON TERRITORY.

BRITISH PARLIAMENT.—Mr. Hume asked whether the government had been officially informed that the President of the United States had received directions from Congress to give notice to this country of their intention to terminate the joint occupancy of the Oregon territory, and whether that notice had been given.

Sir Robert Peel—I can have no objection to answer the question the honorable gentleman has put to me, by stating that the American President has given to their Majesty's Government the formal notice necessary for the termination of the existing convention, at the termination of the year. And in doing so, the President has adopted the terms which were assented to by both Houses of the Legislature of the United States. That the notice was given with the view of leading to an amicable adjustment of the differences between the two countries on this subject. [Hear, hear.]

The opposition Paris journals all side with the United States, and predict an

early conquest of Mexico. The apprehensions caused by the Mexican war weighed on the Paris money market. The closing scene in the French Chamber of Deputies showed that M. Thiers had lost none of his pugnaciousness. He had a smart tilt with his great adversary, M. Guizot, in which the calm philosophy of the first Minister was more than a match for the fiery little historian of the Consulate.

The commercial treaty between Prussia and Turkey, which has been so long in preparation, was signed on the 30th of April.

THE CHOLERA.—We have already stated that the Cholera had made its appearance in some of the provinces of Persia, carrying death into the principal towns. It has spread from Bokhara to Herat and Meshio, and has now taken the direction from the Caspian Sea to Teheran and Ispahan. Late accounts from Odessa state that it had crossed the Russian territory and appeared suddenly at Tiflis, taking a northerly direction between the Caspian and Black Seas. On the other side the Cholera broke out unexpectedly at Orenburg, in the mines of the Ural mountains; it crossed the Volga, and set its foot in Europe, at Casan, only 2,000 kilometers from St. Petersburg. If the accounts we have received are exact, it has taken a most irregular direction. It has advanced from west to north, and does not seem to have followed the banks of the river, as in 1828 and 1832.

From the Rio Grande, June 1st.

The editor has not room for much either of preface or apology for his present enterprise. To chronicle Camp anecdotes and ribald jests or fill his little sheet with odd advertisements for pecuniary profit, would be an uncongenial task. He had a higher aim, which speaks for itself in his leading article of to-day's paper. The avocation is new to him, and was prompted only by a desire to promote the mutual interests of the two countries, now so needlessly warring in unequal combat. His first obligations are due to his native land, but he would also contribute, if he could, to shield a neighboring and undoubtedly the most intelligent portion of the Mexican people, from the devastations of war of which their territory is made the theatre, and which they must be the victims if they oppose, and the beneficiaries if they unite, with a race which seems destined by Providence to shed over this Continent the light of a higher civilization and a purer morality—a race that bases freedom upon knowledge—that breaks down the barriers of rank and privilege, and elevates the whole mass of its people in the moral and physical scale, with the lever of universal intelligence.

It is a rare spectacle in the world's long history, to a nation, forced into war by continued aggressions, by repeated and systematic spoliation upon the property and rights of her citizens, and in contemptuous disregard of national courtesy, every species of insult publicly heaped upon her Minister; and at the same time the actual hostilities preceded by the brutal murder of peaceable families—their wives and daughters first violated before their eyes, and then butchered in one common pile—it is rare, we repeat, to find examples in history, where provocations so atrocious have slumbered unavenged in the victors memory. Where is the campaign recorded in which rapine did not follow rapine with willing hand and deadly will? Yet the American Army has paid this lofty tribute to its country's character. Even in the hour of battle, in the deadly conflict and the clash of steel, not one vindictive blow was given—not an enemy was struck after he ceased to resist; while on the other side, the only two corpses that fell into the hands of the Mexicans, were stripped and mutilated with savage ferocity.

Since the occupation of Matamoros, the municipal authorities of the city have been in the peaceful exercise of their functions, nor has a citizen been molested in person or property by the American forces. The printing press from which this sheet appears, being claimed as private property by a citizen, is respected as such by the commanding General, although it was used for government purposes under Arista and Ampudia. It is rented by its present

### Advertisements.

WILL be conspicuously inserted at 37½ cents per square for the first insertion, and 37½ cents for each continuance—longer ones charged in proportion. Those not having the desired number of insertions marked upon them will be continued until ordered out, and charged accordingly.

For advertising Estrays Tolded, TWO DOLLARS, to be paid by the Magistrate. For announcing a Candidate, TWO DOLLARS, in advance.

All letters or communications must be directed to the Editor, postage paid.

Editor from its Mexican proprietor, and the payment guaranteed to his own satisfaction.

Let these facts convince the people of this valley, that we are not the lawless robbers, which their base rulers have described us to be. Let them inquire of their own neighbors, who daily come among us to sell their produce and who receive the market price for all they bring us. Let them be prepared for our onward march, and, remember, in the words of a great Spanish Captain, of her chivalric days: "fear ye not, the brave and generous soldier is only to be dreaded in the field of battle."

OUR COUNTRY.—What a sublime spectacle does this great Union present at the present crisis! What a glorious tableau for the eyes of our brother patriots in the old world! A nation of merchants, of artisans, of agriculturists, of men of peace and industrial habits, has been transformed into a nation of warriors at the signal of war. The heart of the American leaps at the sight. The soul expands with high and holy aspirations at the thought. The sneers and menaces of kings fall alike before the uprising of a free and determined people. Wherever we turn, the most gratifying assurances of patriotic love of country meet our view. From the Rio Grande to the waters of the Aroostook we behold the same exhibition of devotion to our country. Cannon answers cannon from one extreme of the Union to the other—the shouts of victory that went up from our little army on the 9th of May, have been responded to in every valley, on every mountain top in the ocean-bound Republic. Millions of voices have echoed the electric word, and millions of strong arms are uplifted to perpetuate it.

Are there croakers among us who would detract from our joy and hush our voices by pointing towards the white cliffs of Albion the trembling finger of fear?—let them rise up from out the ignominy of coward selfishness, and take a bird's eye view of the scene which is before them. Look abroad over the land! Look at Louisiana, at Alabama, at Missouri, and at Kentucky, Mississippi, Texas, Georgia, Virginia, the Carolinas, Ohio, Maryland, New York, and to the far eastern border. Look at our own old Keystone! and behold city, village and hamlet alive with preparation. Can this people ever be subdued by a foreign power? Millions of hearts uniting in one great America, respond—millions of hands point to the stars and stripes and proclaim with more power than words, "they shall float there forever!"

America stands alone upon the Globe, the greatest, the most liberal, the most magnanimous of nations. Her noble institutions are the pride and the glory of her people—her strength is in the sinews of freeman whose allegiance is love. Whatever of discontent, whatever of local discord or political strife arise in times of peace, the first footfall of the invader is the signal for general and indivisible union. The native born and the exile, the believers in all creeds, the members of all parties, forgetting alike birth, prejudice and preference, fly to the standard of the States; a host of brothers, assembled upon the general heartstone.

That there are isolated exceptions, we must admit, though it be with the generous pity with which one beholds the prostitution of beloved kindred; but these are so few as to hardly mar the glory of the great whole. Many humane but misguided minds revolt at the idea of war, and shrink from its horrors even when the nation's honor is at stake; and there may be a very small class who, though nurtured on our soil, have given up their birth-right to the common enemy. Yet when the great struggle comes these will be as chaff before the breath of patriotic public sentiment: in a moment they will be swept from the stage of existence, remembered only as examples to future generations.

Philadelphia Weekly Times.

The more you know, the more modest you should be. Even where you are sure, seem rather doubtful; represent, but do not pronounce; and if you would convince others, seem open to conviction yourself.